

The Duke of Wellington on the Death of ROBERT DUDLEY, Earl of Essex.
At the Town of Limerick, on the 18th instant, 1803. The Times

A high-contrast, black-and-white photograph capturing a group of people in silhouette against a bright, overexposed background. The scene appears to be outdoors at night, with the subjects standing in front of a building that has large, dark, rectangular windows or architectural features. The overall composition is grainy and lacks fine detail due to the low lighting conditions.

I have you not to me,
welladay, &c.
That God may damn them
against that hour,
When straightway he his call
To the other side the wall,
And so indict them all,
 As you as ever;
For to mortals is the day,
welladay, &c.
Right I a debt must pay,
 which I do owe,
It is my Lord I must,
Whom I must answer him,
Then is but yonke silver,
 that I must bye.
In the morning was he brought to,
welladay, &c.
Where the Scaffold was set up
Within the Tower;
Man Lords were yond hem,
With right Gentlemen,
With which were appointed hem,
 to see him bye.
You Monic Lys, quoth he,
welladay, &c.
That must thy witness,
 of this my dream:
Know I ne'r loved papistry,
But still both is belie,
And thus dore I liesse,
 here in this place.
I hate a Coner been,
welladay, &c.
Yet never wrong'd my Queen,
 in al my life;
My God I did offend,
Whiche giveth me at my end:
They all the rest amens,
 I do them saye,
To the state I ne're meant ill,
welladay, &c.,
Neither wilte the Commonweill,
 in all my life;
But lov'd with all my heart,
And always wolde he part,
Whiche as there were delit,
 in every place.
Then melyd did he pray,
mournfully, &c.
He might the sodde Jew,
private to pray.
He then pray'd heartily,
And with great leterency,
To God that sits on high,
 for to reuele him.
And then he pray'd again,
miserably, &c.
God to preserve his Queen,
from all his foes,

A Laminable BAG A DAY
The Tune Is, "I'm All Choked Up."



All you that are, at home, & home,
come now and day, at home with me, we
see why our Friend is gone so gone,
the valiant Knight of Galburg;
We rich men poor before him,
in time an honorable Knight,
When by one hande concurst to liee,
he lately took his last good night.
Count him not like to Champion,
those valiantous Men of Bawbington,
Men like the Earl of Westmorland,
by whom a number were undone:
He never set but whether's won:
his quarell still maintains the right,
Whiche makes the trax my face byron him,
when I think on his last good night.
The Portugals can witness be,
his Daunger at Lisbon Gate he stung,
and like a Knight of Chivalry,
No Crise upon the Gate he hung,
I wold to God, that he wold come,
to fetch them back in oare right,
Which thing was by his honour done,
yet lately took his last good night.
The Frenchmen they can tellle,
the Towne of Gourney he took in,
And mordre to Rome immediately,
not caring for his foes a pin:
Which Didles then a piece'd thicke skin,
and stike them dry from his Ogges:
He therefor lass did credit win,
and now hath tane his last good night.
And stately Cales can witness be,
than by his Proclamation right,
He wold command them all stroughly,
to have a care of Falseth living,
And that none would hurt men in white,
which way against their right:
Therefore they prayd for his long life,
which lately took his last good night.

With grette grete hit under the hill, to see
I how delectable to bee, I muste
but he's a good man Christes chere,
Say to my Queen here ever for
upon my death, at my good-night.
Seruall, Elizabeth, my gracie Queen
God blesse you through Council all,
Sacred my Maister of Chivalry,
Sacred my valiantous knyghts all,
Sacred the knyghts great and small,
into the hands of whom I haue,
My life that I m. to attende to all,
for Eller did the World good-right,
Sacred dear Eluer and Chivalry,
Sacred no knyght and temper known,
Comfort yselfe, wark not for me,
although your self by this begin,
By time is come, my glas to run,
comfort your self in Chalice-light,
Worling yow self you are unbore,
your father bidde the World good-right,
Derrick, thou knyght of Cales, if this is
the life, lost by a Rose there bore,
As then thy self can't ridde,
The sun hond shone and thame foun,
But now that last night is com,
by chance into the hundre' light,
Strike out thy Hesp, that I may knowe,
thou Eller lov'd at his good-night.
When England counted me a knyght,
she wark of Papille I dell,
I ne're warkt Mairi my angel in her,
nor the Virgin Mary, I:
Say to Christ, which is my truest life,
trechling with fair roose in his sight,
Appreaching my arme to God on high,
Lord Jesus receive my Soul this night.